

The Sun

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Opportunity.

Saturday night Mr. BRYAN spoke to the toast "Opportunity." A good many of the brethren must have seen the irony of the subject. For sixteen years the Democratic party has been Mr. BRYAN's opportunity (and much more); and he has made a mighty good thing out of it.

The one real Democratic opportunity in sixteen years came to the Democracy. It was not Mr. BRYAN's kind of opportunity. It was an opportunity of victory, not of disaster. It was taken.

Is the Evil Eye of the Democracy yet to make another Bryanite opportunity out of that good fortune?

What Programme Could Be Better?

To the thousand men who dined in his honor on Saturday evening WILLIAM SULZER, the Governor-elect of New York, gave a concise epitome of the programme he hopes to follow after January 1. He said:

"As the Governor of New York I shall to the best of my ability endeavor to give the people of the State an honest, efficient, economical and a businesslike administration of public affairs.

"I say businesslike advisedly, because I assure the business men in every part of our State that they can rely on me at all times to do my utmost to promote the commercial interests of our city and our commonwealth.

"I realize how important they are, and shall ever be exceedingly careful to take no step to jeopardize the financial supremacy of the first city and State in the Union.

"To the best of my ability I shall make honesty and simplicity, economy and efficiency the watchwords of my administration of the government of New York."

Could any man on assuming office utter a pledge more satisfactory, more encouraging, than to make honesty, simplicity, economy and efficiency the watchword of his administration? If Governor SULZER succeeds in carrying out the programme of Governor-elect SULZER his service to the State will be great and fruitful.

Insanity Experts.

The ends of justice have been so frequently deflected by so-called experts in insanity that Judges are beginning to apply their own common sense even if their decision is against that of the expert's opinion. The prolongation of trials, the muddling of the jurors' judgment of the actual facts by complicated hypothetical questions, which are often framed by shrewd counsel on both sides with that view; the enormous expense entailed by the employment of these experts, and the too frequent result in mistrials have so dissatisfied the intelligent public that it is high time that steps be taken to bring order out of chaos in this momentous matter.

The recent disposal of the case of SCHIRANK, the man who made an almost successful attempt on the life of ex-President ROOSEVELT, should serve as an example of speedy and fair judgment to all future trials. Judge BACKUS of Wisconsin appointed a commission of five prominent alienists to inquire into the mental condition of the accused before the machinery of the law for jury trial was set into operation. This commission informed the Judge that SCHIRANK was under the influence of delusions based upon dreams since 1901 and recently upon a vision accompanied by a voice commanding him to kill Mr. ROOSEVELT, whom, besides other insane ideas, he charges with putting President MCKINLEY out of the way; that SCHIRANK followed his victim until he fulfilled the murderous mission. To the Judge's question, "Is the defendant in such condition of mind that he is able to advise with counsel and conduct his defense?" the commission replied in the negative.

In accordance with this finding of an unbiased and competent tribunal Judge BACKUS ordered SCHIRANK to be committed to an insane asylum. This simple procedure precluded the biased contentions of alienist experts.

Section 4700 of the Wisconsin Statutes provides that "the court shall in a summary manner make inquiry to ascertain if an accused person is at the time of the trial insane and incapacitated to act for himself, and that his trial for such offense shall be postponed indefinitely, and the court shall thereupon order that he be confined in one of the State hospitals for the insane." This act appears to have been lost sight of by Judges and lawyers, although it has been on the statute books twelve years. Another law, passed in 1911, provides that if the accused subsequently recovers and comes up for trial the presumption of insanity at the time the offense is committed shall prevail unless a reasonable doubt of his sanity is raised in the minds of the jury. SCHIRANK is still in charge of the courts, which alone may release

him, and he is liable for trial if he becomes sane.

If similar laws are not on the statute books of this and other States they should be enacted at once, in order that insane persons be not subjected to trial and on the other hand that a brief residence in an asylum be not used to cheat justice. Our legal and legislative minds would act wisely in following the lead of Wisconsin.

It would be far more fair to all concerned to abolish the battle of the experts altogether by the regular employment of sworn medical officials who have served in lunatic hospitals to decide upon the sanity of the accused for both sides, in order that the largest bank account may not prevail and even-handed justice may be meted out. There are some insanity experts whose knowledge is derived from books; indeed, there are few who have lived and served in asylums. Only the latter are really competent to make a more correct diagnosis of insanity than the common sense general practitioner. Just as the surgeon has been judiciously assigned work distinguished from that of the gynecologist, so should the neurologist be differentiated from the alienist in their respective branches.

Debt Collection by Judge Lynch.

It is a long time since the jurisdiction of Judge Lynch was restricted to "the one crime." Nobody nowadays pretends that only one offense so infuriates whites against blacks as to make recourse to the courts impracticable. So the hanging of a negro in South Carolina for refusing to pay a note will not cause surprise, at least. It is pretty generally recognized that the toleration of extra-legal methods in punishing one crime must inevitably lead to their adoption when other causes of irritation are found.

Meanwhile, it would be interesting to know the history of the note the failure to take up which resulted in the murder by a mob of HENRY FITZ of South Carolina on Saturday. The financial transactions of black men in the South are not noted for providence. It is not impossible that the note witnessed one of those inequitable transactions of the kind made familiar by our loan sharks, in which the consideration is so completely out of proportion to the obligation assumed that no court in the world would enforce payment, if the Judge were honest and this signer were able to get his story before it. Is it beyond probability that something more potent than ambition to teach negroes the bad morals of refusing to pay debts may have contributed to the ardor of the party that murdered the unhappy FITZ?

The French Presidency.

Since the refusal of M. LEON BOUTRELOUX to become a Presidential candidate, a refusal fortified by a physician's certificate, removes the only conspicuous possibility, it is clear that the supposedly ideal situation of the office seeking the man exists in France.

There are, to be sure, not a few suggestions in foreign despatches that the honor is within the grasp of the present Premier, M. RAYMOND POINCARÉ. Even his political opponents, notably CLEMENCEAU and COMBES, who are striving to defeat proportional representation, are described as quite willing to see their one dangerous foe "kicked upstairs" into the Elysée. But it is quite as apparent that M. POINCARÉ has no desire to succeed FALLIERES, only to follow LOUBET into obscurity.

At the moment, in his present position, POINCARÉ is one of the conspicuous figures of European affairs. His relation to the Balkan struggle, his successful efforts to preserve European peace have earned for him a prestige hardly exceeded by that of any Prime Minister of the Third Republic save GAMBETTA.

After nearly a year, a long life for a French Cabinet, his "ministry of all the talents," which was created in consequence of the Moroccan dispute, remains intact and powerful.

As President of the French Republic M. POINCARÉ would be less than a nobody in European affairs as well as in French politics. A relatively young man, whose recent successes have promised a brilliant future, he plainly shrinks from the office which brings no distinction, but inevitably terminates a political career.

With POINCARÉ and BOUTRELOUX eliminated there remain BRIAND, DELCASSÉ, RIOT and a list of less conspicuous men. CLEMENCEAU has been mentioned, but with BRIAND and his ancient enemy DELCASSÉ he is regarded as rather too strong, as too dangerous a politician, as having the capacity to transform the office rather than the willingness to submit to the obscurity it has brought all predecessors.

At the moment, then, the search seems to have been resumed for some "safe" man, not so obscure as to be ridiculous, not strong enough to become a real executive power.

Early Man and His Name.

Naming the baby is notoriously a problem of domesticity. Much greater, therefore, must be the problem of naming the ancestor, the founder of the race, the new old man vice ADAM dispossessed for non-payment of the rent. This is the problem which now confronts the anthropologists. The newfound man of Sussex, the pithocene person of ancient days, is now to be enrolled, birth and baptism, marriage and mortuary statistics all made in a single entry.

ingenious philology of Humpty Dumpty as set forth by LEWIS CARROLL, the portmanteau theory.

This is not the only instance in which early man has been called out of his name by his juniors. AMEGRINO has sought to establish a whole sequence of early man to which he has given the impossible name of Prothomo and a long numerical series of Diprothomo, Triprothomo and so on. This naming has proved too much for the good speech sense of SERGI, the Italian anthropologist, and he has sought to have Prothomo corrected to Proanthropos.

Perhaps it is not yet too late to prevent Eothropos, English science can scarcely afford to make such an exhibition of its ignorance of the principles of speech.

Why This Coldness?

It is Senator O'GORMAN who gives this critical, this almost nigard judgment on Governor WILSON:

"The occupant of the White House for the next four years combines the political genius of JACKSON, the courage and resolution of JACKSON, with the kindly sympathy and devoted patriotism of ABRAHAM LINCOLN."

A President in office is sure to be subjected to misrepresentation, to unsparing censure, to calumny, to abuse. The more reason why a President-elect should be regarded with a hopeful zeal, almost with a pious tenderness. The scant and measured phrase of Mr. O'GORMAN must have been a disappointment to his hearers, at least to so many of them as are itching for a Federal job.

Sad Days Down East.

We read the Boston letter of "Our Special Correspondent" in the Springfield Republican, and again thank heaven that we live in the virtuous and consequently happy town of New York. In New England Christmas brings no happiness:

"We are in the front vestibule of a Christmas season which has most of the usual indications—variable weather, mild days, little snow, immoderate present giving, adjoining Congress for too much holiday, school vacations, late railroad trains, and a painful struggle to be gay and jovial."

"Christmas buying upsets the markets, crowds the trains and sidewalks, perverts the infant mind with fables of an impossible SANTA CLAUS, and produces overinflated gift books in too great number."

To the south of Long Island Sound and to the west of Connecticut, Massachusetts and Vermont, things are better. Our weather is pleasant and salubrious. Present giving is controlled by good sense, carefully coached by the spurge. Congress cannot take too many holidays and the school vacations rejoice our souls. Our railroads run their trains on time. Nobody has to struggle to be gay and jovial. Jollity descends upon us and possesses us. Christmas buying gladdens seller and buyer. The crowds on cars and on sidewalks promote good temper and aid digestion. Infant minds are steadied and amused by the incidents of the season. Over-illustrated gift books are produced in exactly the proper number, just as are under-illustrated non-gift books.

As for "an impossible SANTA CLAUS," we never heard of such a thing. The New York SANTA CLAUS is a very real old fellow, to whom we should be glad to introduce any dyspeptic Yankee who cares to make his acquaintance.

Why doesn't Harvard call ROOSEVELT?

Brooklyn Eagle.

Why this bitterness against Harvard? That Oregon hen, the great Roseburg Industries Biddy, whose record is 206 eggs in ten months and nineteen days, has done more to decrease the cost of living than all the trust busters.

Christmas is the time to open the purse and the heart—His Honor HONEY FITZ of Boston.

And the time to open wide the canorous and Orphean lips and troll out the grand old Boston municipal hymn, "Sweet Adeline."

No man is worthy to enjoy the confidence of a great people who is not willing to die, if need be, at any time for what he believes to be right—DOLLAR BILL.

Lofely and affecting sentiment! Translated into prose, however, this Nebraska hymn means that no party is worthy to enjoy the confidence of a tribe of the people that he is not ready to come near dying in order that he may continue to make a good living.

A Singer of Old Songs.

To THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: Perhaps the old times will be edited by these fragments from two Harrison and Hart songs. This was sung by Johnny Wild.

The white folks sing on the shady side
 When you're amblin' down,
 Oh, they throw 'em in the wagon,
 For you can't sleep on the flagging;
 On the sunny side of Thompson street,
 Away downtown.

And this was sung, I think, by Emma Pollock:
 We stroll along the quiet streets
 Poor old kind Paddy Dempsey
 Or all along the river front
 Or any place that pays
 Pop plays the concertina
 To times we all know well
 And his little daughter Nell.

By the way, for "Mark Andrews" information I would like to say that I can sing some of the old songs, though perhaps my voice might shake a little. For instance, "Sweet Adeline." Sooner Than All the Roses I can sing:
 Oh, Mary Ann, Oh, Mary Ann, I'll tell you ma,
 A-flirting with the fellows on the Broadway car,
 I can also sing "The Violet I Plucked From Mother's Grave."

G. S. ANDERSON.
 EAST ORANGE, N. J., December 20.

Miss Addams's Vote.

To THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: You cite as an example of Colonel ROOSEVELT's "audacity" his latest that Miss Addams is not permitted to vote in this country. But is not such a vote a mistatement of fact more than audacity? In a number of States certainly "in this country" Miss Addams's right vote were being qualified by residence for education for the suffrage, for every elective office. In several other States her sex would not bar her from a limited franchise. Of these facts Colonel ROOSEVELT has a complete knowledge, yet he did not hesitate to assert that "in this country" Miss Addams could not vote.

As you suggest, it is inequitable of Colonel ROOSEVELT to make a great man in the leadership of the equal suffrage cause. But is it not treating him too gently to mark his mistatement as merely "audacious?"

New York, December 21. S. VAN DER BEEK.

DOLLAR BILL.

A Testimonial to Him in the Name of Old Doctor Swamproot.

As the season began to show signs of financial fever old Dr. Swamproot, otherwise known as Dr. Dollar Bill, decided to leave his Florida retreat lest a more prolonged sojourn hurt his pill business. Swamproot's Silver Pills are known wherever financial fever thrives. They are guaranteed under the Pain and Panic Act of 1908. Many years, some sixteen to be exact, have passed since the obscure medicaster made his disfiguring and patented it for the benefit of mankind and incidentally for the empire itself. It was not poor and needy? Since those gloomy days Fortune has beamed upon this political gipsy in his varied wanderings up and down the Chautauquan platform, and as one sees him seated to-day upon his Cloth of Gold with a Crown of Commemoration upon his head, the stories of *Tartuffe* and *Joseph Surface* grow tawdry in comparison. Indeed it has come to pass that there is no post of power or honor to which he does not aspire, as is shown by the following testimonial to himself:

"MY DEAR GOVERNOR: A short while ago I was slightly flattered with the idea of being Secretary Swamproot. Being the author of 'Replies to a Chinese Official' I felt that I was unusually qualified for dealing with foreign problems, and furthermore I was pleased by your exhibit of wisdom in recognizing that no one in our party would be more competent to handle delicate questions of State. As a friend of peace I might decide upon war if I thought that thereby the country might need the services of a strong war President, in which case you would retire and write a history of my Administrations. But upon more careful reflection I determined to request that I be made Secretary of the Treasury, as I saw that there was some apprehension lest I desire this portfolio. Nothing makes me hanker for a position more than the knowledge that there is strong and sound opposition to my filling it."

"As Secretary of the Treasury I saw that I could bring to bear all my exceptional talents in financial affairs. The old days of the wildest banks would look like a side show beside the main tent if you allowed me to open up with a full swing."

"However, upon my arrival in New York I found that there was even more concern about your appointing me as Attorney-General. Accordingly I respectfully insist that I receive this Cabinet position. If I can once get square with this New York crowd I could be happy."

You know at the Bureau conference I called them "leather heads." I may add that you have only to put a cocked hat over these leather heads and the sale of political swamproot will flood the market. Appoint me Attorney-General and Honest Tom Lawson will have tales of low finance to write about for the next ninety years. The very thought of it warms my blood. Need I tell you what you probably know, that my wide experience in drawing up wills with secret gifts highly qualifies me for enforcing and elucidating interstate laws? If you wish for evidences of my learned legal opinions turn to the pages of the *Commoner*.

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MIDDLE AGE.

His Are Satisfaction and Compensation Unknown to Youth.

To THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: The complacent, philosophic attitude toward life which "Middle Age" shows in his letter to THE SUN is probably shared by every man of normal mind who has submitted to the discipline of truth.

The perpetual sacrifice of the ego becomes inevitable, and service is found to be the paramount issue of life.

To such a one the elders of the universe are revealed, and his materialistic role becomes evident as the years advance.

Compensations unknown to youth are his. Faith becomes as real as the law of gravitation, and he becomes conscious of universal power, which sustains at all times.

Without necessarily becoming either religious or orthodox he recognizes the divinity of the Messianic principles.

These things come with his heritage of years, and the years bear a plentiful harvest of experience, and after all experience is revelation.

He knows that the phrase "Take no thought for the morrow" is but the expression of a law or principle.

He finds that thousands of his fellow men are responsive to the law and are absolutely unconscious of it.

Others, employing the same law, refer to it as "selfishness suggestion."

Confirmations of these fixed principles in his life come from many sources.

He finds that the same fundamental law has been recognized all through the ages, and the experience of countless generations has been registered in the expression "The Lord will provide."

To the middle aged man this phrase then becomes something more than a "worst motto."

Circumstances count for very little, because he is serenely conscious of the fact that all things are necessarily elements toward his ultimate good. O. D. B.
 New York, December 21.

The Tariff Stimulant.

To THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: When a drunkard endeavors to reduce the quantity of his liquor consumption by the use of the tariff for the alcohol that destroys it. If he persists in trying to return to healthful conditions he suffers emaciation and torture. But the boon companions of such a man, "Sweet Adeline," "Sooner Than All the Roses," "I can sing,"

THE CIVIL WAR GENERALS.

More Than Two Thousand Were Appointed, and Few Survive.

To THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: It occurred to me after reading the editorial article in THE SUN upon the late General Sigel that the Union armies in the civil war were commanded by about two thousand generals of various grades of general officers. These grades were twelve in number: one lieutenant-general, U. S. Grant; one brevet lieutenant-general, Winfield Scott; ten major-generals, U. S. A., by brevet; 120 major-generals of volunteers; about 200 major-generals of volunteers; by brevet; seven major-generals of State troops; thirty-two brigadier-generals, U. S. A., about 315 brigadier-generals, U. S. A., by brevet; about 200 brigadier-generals of volunteers; by brevet; and thirty-six brigadier-generals of State troops.

At first sight it would appear that there were more than 2,800 general officers, but a large number of men held more than one commission. General Grant, for instance, held four. Major-General Sheridan held five. The oldest commission of major-general is that of General Sigel on the retired list, dated April 14, 1862; the next oldest is that of General Miles, April 5, 1860. The oldest commission as brigadier-general, U. S. A., is that of Martin D. Hardin, December 15, 1870, and the next I believe is that of John P. Hawkins, December 22, 1862. The major-generals of State troops are all dead; the last survivor was George B. McClellan. The last major-general, U. S. A., was William Sherman, and the last brigadier-general, U. S. A., was General O. O. Howard, who died in 1902. General McClellan died in 1885 and General Sherman in 1891. Of the major-generals of volunteers five still survive, of whom, however, only four held the rank during the actual period of the war ending May 30, 1865. General Sherman was still created until near the end of November, 1865, and brevet generals until March, 1869. The five are: Daniel E. Sickles, Grenville Mollen Dodge, Peter Joseph Osterhaus, James Harrison Wilson and Nelson Appleton Miles.

The next grade in the right of line is that of major-general, U. S. A., by brevet. Six of these officers still survive: Adelbert Ames, John Parker Hawkins, James Harrison Wilson, Nelson Appleton Miles, Galusha Pennypacker and Daniel Edgar Sickles. Of the eight surviving in these two grades six are on the retired list of the United States army, and two, General Ames and General Dodge, are not. The country came within one vote of losing the services of Daniel E. Sickles. His nomination to the rank of brigadier-general of volunteers was sent to the United States Senate and was rejected by the Senate on March 20, 1862. A few days afterward President Lincoln, "at the request of some Senators," re-nominated him again and it was then approved, 19 to 9.

FREDERICK H. HOWARD.
 New York, December 21.

A ROCKY MOUNTAIN STAGE.

The Driver's Magnanimous Compliment to Broadway Characters.

To THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: The letters in THE SUN about the Broadway stage recall to my mind a little drive I once took at a place in the Rocky Mountains where good driving was required. We had a buggy and a pair of horses. The horse was a young horse, and he was sprightly they seemed to me for driving in such a locality, and the driver was a young man, but we got through all right.

The roads were good, though they ran along a cliff and looked tolerably ticklish to me, but the driver kept the horses moving in these places just the same, with apparently as much confidence as he would have had driving across an open prairie. Then as we came around a sharp curve he brought the horses to a standstill and said to me, "You are a good driver, aren't you?"

He kept the young horses stepping right ahead, and we went through between a high wall and a steep cliff, and though there were rocks on either side an inch of space to spare.

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BUCKWHEAT CAKES OF OLD.

Glorious Works, But a Little Severe on the Youthful System.

To THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: I have read with great interest the recent communications in THE SUN pertaining to buckwheat cakes and am glad to think your various correspondents are eaters and writers of more modern times, as one of the factors in old time buckwheat has been entirely overlooked, perhaps from modesty.

My recollection goes back to the '40s when the use of buckwheat was universal. It was one of the staples of the food. The improved methods of milling were unknown in those days, and the buckwheats of the ancients as compared to the present day were about the ratio of proof whiskey to sweetened south wind. This buckwheat of the ancients was certainly a strong man's food, and as far as the youngsters were concerned I can speak emphatically. The old milling failed to eliminate an irritant that had very disastrous effects upon the system, and after a winter of riotous eating the consequences were an eruption on the skin.

And that was not the worst. The remedy was worse than the disease. That consisted of a large wooden spoon, an earthen bowl of goodly dimensions filled with sulphur and molasses, and the youngster just before bedtime, and if any of the larger children proved refractory they had to take it later with a leather slipper accompanied by the hand of paternalism.

It was good medicine and did the business all right, and I often wonder what the young cubs of the present day would do under like circumstances.

They were good old times after all, and after the sausage was all gone we used to get a gravy made of fat salt pork fried with a measure of cream. That was good too. But how times have changed! Now buckwheat cake and salt pork gravy today? I would like some more than I can taste.

Buckwheat flour was the staple in those times. And when the time came for the crop to mature you would often hear the query, "How does your buckwheat fill?" as the farmers met at the village store to do their week's trading. As soon as the crop was threshed there was no more lost in getting it to the mill. The old griddle was brought out and was in constant use until the following spring, and in some houses they kept it hot all the year round.

ADJOINING CHENANGO COUNTY.
 New York, December 21.

EZRA'S BEANS.

Some Unsympathetic Remarks About the Poor Long Island Farmer.

To THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: Let us have a little cold truth on the situation. Ezra Tuttle says that he was paid only 30 cents a bushel for lima beans which were sold in the New York market for between \$4 and \$5 a bushel. Ezra Tuttle is either a rascal or a mighty poor business man. At the time he speaks of the retail price for lima beans in the villages on the south side of Long Island, beyond Eastport, was 12 cents a bushel. He was paid 30 cents to pay this price or go without, for the producing farmer was very stiff and in some instances acted as if he were doing his customers a favor.

People in other villages were similarly "sinned." Fifteen cents a quart means \$4.50 a bushel. Yet Ezra Tuttle tells us that he received but 30 cents a bushel. If he could not find a better market than 30 cents a bushel he must be a dull man indeed, much duller than the average Long Island farmer. He was paid 30 cents within a radius of twenty miles he would have had no trouble in disposing of his beans for at least \$4.50 a bushel.

As with beans so with potatoes and all other produce on Long Island. For example, the farmers at the east end demanded and in most cases obtained \$2 a bushel for new potatoes last summer, the retail purchaser even removing them from the field. Then as time passed and the supply of new potatoes increased, the price fell to 50 cents a bushel